

# Miscellaneous Cabinet.

NON QUO, SED QUOMODO.

VOL. I.] SCHENECTADY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1823. [N<sup>O</sup>. 7.

From the Literary Casket.— July, 1821.

## OUR NATIONAL PROSPECTS.

The following patriotic sentiments are extracted from a circular letter which recently emanated from the *American Academy of Language and Belles Lettres*. We feel satisfied that our readers will not require an apology for their insertion in the *Literary Casket*.

### EXTRACT.

“No nation rises to greatness by following an acknowledged superior. A free people must be *intellectually* free. The admiration of virtue is the stimulus to great actions, and in a nation it may be enthusiastic if it is not obsequious and indiscriminate. While we pay a willing tribute to the great masters who have adorned and instructed Europe, while we admire the genius and research of Bacon, Locke, Montesquieu, Condorcet, Condillac, Reid, Stewart, and others, who sought to explore the regions of intellect, and lay open the secret springs of our thoughts and faculties; we should learn, that, taking proper time and means, this land is the appropriate theatre to reduce mental philosophy to a practical science, directed to its true end, the improvement of civil policy, social conduct, and human happiness.

“We see our population tripled in a few years. Reasoning by inference, and with large allowance, what will America be at the end of the present century? Is it not visionary, it may be asked, for a few individuals to expect to produce a perceptible or salutary effect on so great a body? They can make a well intended beginning, and call attention to so important an interest. The event is with that Divine Providence which they cannot distrust, and with their country, in which, with all its imperfections, they have strong reason to confide.

“By the fundamental principles of our government, we can have no royal splendour nor hereditary nobility to support; no stars nor ribbons to bestow. We can confer no durable possession of power. The founders of our empire, so far as depended on them, seem wisely to have driven us to the necessity of seeking distinction in what is truly good and great. The inherent energies of our country must have an object. It may be high or low; partial or more general. This must depend on prevailing influence; for however complicated the structure of the individual mind, or the still more intricate machinery of society, there is somewhere a master hand, though unseen, which affects the moving wheel, and pla-

ces the stamp of public character. Not only different people, but the same community, varies as different moving powers obtain ascendancy. Popular sentiment is much less obvious to the senses in its improving course, or its gradual decline, than in its desolating effects in revolutionary commotions. Virtue and vice, knowledge and ignorance, and the various opinions, passions and interests of men, are commonly balanced against each other, so that no one greatly prevails; but when, by concurrence of circumstances, public excitement is rendered general, it is resistless, and according to the magic wand by which it is swayed, becomes a rainbow of peace, a tower of brass, or a sweeping torrent. If Lycurgus could create the Spartans; if the Theban state could rise and fall with Epaminondas, what might we expect if any body of men could awaken in this country a *moral independence*, and a general determination, as a people, not to disgrace our fathers or our children. Who can say that the vigour of our rising states would not carry them in a few years, to a higher destiny than has yet been witnessed on earth. The foundation of our empire is vast and solid; and, if we are deficient in present improvement, we have within ourselves, all the elements of national greatness. Our character is yet, in a great degree unformed. Our commonwealth is young, and unshackled by established abuses. We have yet the inestimable privilege, so rare among nations, that what we know to be wrong, we are free to reject. We have all the arguments, and all the recollections that should invite to patriotism.

“Without cherishing false pride, we shall find cause to rejoice in the land of our birth by comparing it with the most favoured communities of ancient or modern days. The Grecian states, the most brilliant, had freedom; but they could not have adequate conceptions of its value and use. They were ingenious, brave, and refined; but their institutions wanted system and consistency; and in the annals of previous times they had no guide. Their states were hardly more than parishes, in constant alarm from each other, as well as from surrounding nations. We have an ocean for a wall of defence, and a highway of commerce. The history of ages is before us for instruction; free from agitation, we can survey the whole present world as calm spectators; drawing lessons alike from their excellencies and their defects. Greece, in her best days, blindly adored her inanimate deities, the work of men’s hands. We have the religion of the living God; freedom in his wor-

...to be a man walks off with an air of triumph, great as



ship, and, as a nation, the highest motives of gratitude for his goodness. *Our* faculties and wants are aided by a thousand arts unknown to the ancients. If the little territory of Achaia, with scarcely any other advantages than merely being free, could so exalt the Athenian name, what ought the world to demand from this wide-spread country, with all its resources?"

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*American Academy of Language and Belles Lettres.*

We are happy in being authorized to state, that this great national institution has commenced its operations, by offering premiums and rewards for the best productions in the various departments of literature.

The following resolution is extracted from the society's books, and will, we have no doubt, prove highly gratifying to the readers of the Literary Casket.

"Resolved, That a premium of 200 dollars and a Gold Medal, be given to the author, being an American citizen, who, within two years, shall produce, to the acceptance of the examining committee of this institution, a small original volume of Reading Lessons, for Common Schools, which shall best combine useful instruction and just principles with attractive purity and elegance of style, calculated for children from 5 to 10 years old, and adapted to the faculties of the human mind at that age.

Passed in the American Academy of Language and Belles Lettres, June 4, 1821.

Ever since the first publication of the above resolution, we have felt a deep interest in the society from which it emanated, and felt no little chagrin that we were unable to hear any thing more of its proceedings. To the 4th of June, 1823, we have looked forward with more impatience than, in childhood, we ever waited for a coming birth-day or holiday. The day came;—and weeks and months have followed without any further notice of the subject. Is the society still in existence?

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**PLEASURES OF POVERTY.**

A cursory perusal of this poem has given us a decidedly favourable impression of its merits. We say a cursory perusal—that is, not a critical one. We became so interested in the progress of the poem, that we could not stop by the way for criticism.

—  
*From the Albany Daily Advertiser, Aug. 15.*

**AMERICAN LITERATURE.**

Those of our native citizens who witnessed the run, at Johnson's bookstore, on Friday and Saturday, for Southwick's Poem, entitled "*The Pleasures of Poverty*," will feel proud to think that our literary productions begin to be sought after with avidity. Several hundred copies went off in those two days, although the work was not ready for delivery until late on Friday; and what is still more gratifying, is, that those who purchased are highly pleas-

ed with the work, and think they have received the full worth of their money. It is indeed a work which does honor to the genius and acquirements of the author, and will add to the literary fame of our country. For my part, I feel bound to thank the writer for the sound philosophy as well as excellent poetry which his work contains; and the more especially as a father, when I recur to the feeling and forcible admonition to youth, with which the first part of the poem concludes. Every father would do well to purchase this work and place it in the hands of his sons; he could not leave them a better legacy.

A NATIVE AMERICAN.

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*From the same, Aug. 19.*

We agree with Mr. Carter, in his opinion of the merits of Mr. Southwick's poem, and therefore copy his remarks as introductory to the subjoined communication from Mr. Southwick.

*From the New-York Statesman.*

*Literary.*—We have been favoured, in anticipation of its publication, with a copy of the *Pleasures of Poverty*, a poem, by Solomon Southwick, Esq. of Albany. From a cursory perusal of the production, which is comprised in about 80 pages octavo, we find it to be a perfect original, bearing the striking impress of Mr. Southwick's genius, full of fancy, feeling and enthusiasm. No one else would have thought of such a subject, or have gleaned such a variety of materials as his vivid and excursive imagination has collected and woven into song. We should hardly think such a theme susceptible of being converted into a "high argument;" but the author has adduced many striking illustrations drawn from the scriptures, from history, from the lives of literary men, and from the various walks of life, to establish the consoling doctrine of the bard of Avon:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
"Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
"Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

Mr. Southwick appears to have made the most of his subject. The topics embraced in his poem are numerous; his sentiments elevated; and his diction forcible and animated. It is chiefly executed in heroics. There is however, a variety of versification. The most obvious defect in the work consists in the language, which, in some instances appears to be drawn from the political vocabulary, and is not sufficiently elevated for poetry. Mr. Southwick is wrong in ascribing the Pains of Memory to Rogers. It is an American poem, written at Philadelphia, by Mr. Merry.

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*Messrs. Editors,*

I perceive that my friend Mr. Carter has pointed out an error in my work, entitled "*The Pleasures of Poverty*." Although I



then walks off with an air of triumph, great as



A little *tanzy*, I say, and *fresh rue*, resumed the aunt. Yes, and *catnip*, said the daughter; Aunt Dorothy always uses catnip.

My dear ladies, I exclaimed, for mercy's sake, spare me. I am not sick, and—

Come—said my friend, who had now finished his breakfast, and perceived that I had with difficulty kept my countenance during these various prescriptions—I will walk with you; and taking me by the arm, we set forth together.

“How are you, my good fellow,” was the rough salutation of the first man we met. It was Capt. X.—My friend replied to the greeting very cordially; but shook his head as he looked at me. Aye—I see how it is, said Capt. X.—Poor fellow! consumptive. But never mind, *take a voyage*, and all will be well.

I thanked him for his kindness, and passed on; and for the first time in my life, began to fancy that I felt something that was a little like a pain in my side—but I was not certain.

A few steps onward, we met Mr. Q.—long, lank, and lean, the very image of famine. He accosted us with a languid bow, and glancing his eyes at me—“A fine morning this, sir; especially for those who, like you and I, are dying of dyspepsia.”

Dyspepsia, sir! I never had it in my life.

Ah, I understand. You are a *bon vivant*, and you cannot bear to be deprived of the pleasures of the table. But you must come to it. You must take *prepared chalk and rhubarb* every morning for breakfast, and drink *liquid magnesia* instead of coffee. At dinner you must eat only an ounce of beef and half a cracker; but at supper you may indulge freely in *lime water*. Lewis Cornaro, sir—

—Was a model beyond my imitation, I exclaimed somewhat pettishly, and passed on.

I was by this time near the door of Mr. B, and seeing the bright eyes of Mary at the parlour window, I ventured, though it was early, to call upon her. As I turned toward the door, a chaise that was passing, raised a cloud of dust that filled for a moment, my eyes and throat. I entered the room with a slight cough.

Ah, that cough of yours, said Mary's mother, will bring you to the grave.

But the dust, I said.

AMEer seemed to awaken all her sym-

Those e said something about the flatter-the run, of certain disorders, and proceeded and Satur get me a dose of *Balsam Tolu*. Her “The” was so importunate that resistance to vain; I took the glass, and was in the very act of raising it to my lips, when the door opened, and three ladies entered, two of them with black hoods, and the third with spectacles.

I am a lost man! I muttered to myself.—But Mary was near, and I thought I read in her eyes some hope of life.

One of the black-hooded ladies immediately addressed me. You do well to take care of yourself, sir. You look as if your lungs were affected. Have you ever tried onion-tea?

Never, Madam. I am not sick, and I detest onions.

Ah, you must not be too squeamish, where health is at stake. Three tumblers of *onion tea*, taken hot, every forenoon at 11 o'clock, would soon relieve you. There is no trouble in it. Take only a peck of onions—

—And make them into a *good poultice*, interrupted the other black hood, and wear them upon your breast all the time, and you will soon be well. Nothing opens the pores, and relieves a cough, like an *onion poultice*.

I turned a despairing eye upon Mary. An onion poultice and a morning call! Shade of *Æsculapius*!

If you talk of poultices, said she with the spectacles, my prescription is *buttercups and sharp vinegar*. Take a double handful of buttercups—

—And drink *rosemary and honey*, said the first black hood.

That is good, said the second, but *butter and molasses* is better.

Or *flaxseed tea*, said Mary's mother.

Or *wheat bran*, said Mary, with boiling water poured over it, and sweetened with loaf sugar. You love *wheat bran*, I know.

There was a little archness in her manner, that led me to suspect she was not above half serious. I made her a lowly bow, in token of acknowledgment.

As I slowly raised my head I perceived that the lady with spectacles was regarding me very earnestly.

Poor young man! how feeble! you must wear a *plaster* upon your back. A little *Burgundy pitch*—

Or a *back board*, said Mary, laughing.

Don't sport with human life, said the second black hood, gravely. Your friend here must be careful, or he is not long for this world. But if he will follow my prescriptions—

If he will follow *mine*, interrupted Spectacles—Take a wine glass of *Cayenne pepper*, and a pint of *Alcohol*—

—And by all means *bottles of boiling water* at your feet, when you go to bed, said Mary's mother—

—And a *flannel night-cap*, said Mary.

*Double flannel*, said the first black hood; or a petticoat would be better still.

And a *pair of stockings* round your neck, said the second hood.

*Woolen stockings*, added Mary.

And drink, during the night, about two gallons of *boiling cider*, said Spectacles, solemnly.

And a spoonful of *tobacco tea*, every ten minutes, said Mary.



Child, child! said Spectacles sharply—you talk foolishly.

A poultice of *burdoc leaves* for the feet—

No—*Rye meal and cider*, interrupted the second hood.

No, no, *Mustard seed and vinegar*, said the third, eagerly. I remember that—

Human patience could endure no more. I started from my seat, made a hurried bow, and left the house with so much precipitation, that as I passed over the steps, I stumbled and nearly fell.

Have you sprained yourself? said a gentleman who was passing. If you have, take a little *opodeldoc*—

*Chemical embrocation*, said she with the spectacles, running to the door.

Rub it with *flannel*, said the first black hood, pressing behind her.

Take a *pail-full of wheat bran*, said the second, coming out on the steps; mix it with boiling water, stir it well with a mould candle, and—

Take a walk with me to New-Castle, this afternoon, said Mary.

This, Mr. Editor, is but one forenoon of my miserable life. Go where I will, I hear of nothing but potions and plasters, flannel gowns, burdock and mullen. My very dreams are disturbed. It was only last night, I thought our majestic river was converted into a stream of catnip tea, while the blessed stars above were suddenly changed into calomel pills.

If there be a remedy—alas! I sicken at the word—let it be administered speedily.

*Yours, in extremis,* WILFRED.

**Light of Nature.**—Tedyscung was a noted chief among the Delaware tribe of Indians.—He lived about 47 years ago; was a man of great sagacity, and well known to many of the present inhabitants of Philadelphia.

He once observed to a friend, that in his conference with the then governor, his words only came from the outside of his teeth, and added, “I will talk so too.”

One evening he was sober, and sitting by the fire-side, with a friend, indulging their own reflections, and desiring each other's good. At length the silence was interrupted by the friend, who said, “I will tell you what I have been thinking of; I was thinking of a rule delivered by the author of the *Christain religion*, which from its excellence was called the golden rule;” “Stop,” said Tedyscung, “don't praise it to me, but rather tell me what it is, and let me think for myself. I do not wish you to tell me of its excellence—tell me what it is.” “It is, for one man to do to another, as he would should be done to him.”—“That's impossible—it cannot be done,” Tedyscung immediately replied. Silence again ensued. Tedyscung lighted his pipe, and

walked about the room. In about a quarter of an hour he came up to his friend with a smiling countenance, and, taking his pipe from his mouth, said, “Brother, I have been thoughtful on what you said. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a *new heart*, he would do as you say.”

Thus the Indian found the only means by which the gospel declares man can fulfil his social duties.

### Science, Arts, &c.

*From a London Magazine.*

#### ACTUAL EXISTENCE OF THE SALAMANDER.

*On this very curious subject, the following letter, by M. DE PONTHER, is addressed to the Journalists of Paris.*

Gentlemen—If it is true, that, with too much facility, we sometimes adopt the *marvellous*, it is also true that we sometimes reject it at first sight, without due regard to the credibility of the testimony. Such a reproach might be made with justice by the ancient naturalists, could they raise their heads, to those of the present age. Our cautious inquirers have agreed to declare as fabulous and absurd, the vulgar opinion concerning the Salamander. That opinion may have been embellished by the fictions of poetry; nevertheless I cannot entertain a doubt, that there exists a species of small lizard, which can live sometime, even in the hottest fire. Here is the proof:—

Being in the island of Rhodes, busy writing in my closet, I heard suddenly an uncommon noise in the kitchen: I ran, and found the cook in a terrible fright. As soon as he saw me, he cried, “the devil is in the fire!” I examined the grate, and saw distinctly, in the middle of a very hot fire, a little animal, with its mouth open, and its breast palpitating. After attentive observation, and being assured there was no deception, I took pincers to catch it. On the first attempt I made, the animal, which remained stationary till then, that is, during an interval of two or three minutes, fled, into a corner of the grate. I snipt off the point of its tail, and it hid itself among the red hot ashes. Having discovered it again, I seized it by the middle of the body, and drew it out. It was a small lizard. I preserved it in spirits of wine.

It was afterward presented by me, with an account of its discovery, to the Count De Buffon, who found it to differ from all he had ever seen. He had questioned me a great deal on this extraordinary fact, and promised to make mention of it. The preserved animal is now in the cabinet.

(Signed) DE PONTHER,  
Consul de France.



*From the United States Gazette.*

A prospectus has been circulated in Paris of a new machine, which, if we may believe its inventors, will entirely overturn the present system of hydraulics. They engage to supply a small steam engine, which will raise the water to the height of 60 feet, at the rate of 15 quarts per minute. The machine will, it is said, consume but a penny-worth of coals in an hour, in which time it will raise 900 quarts to the specified height. It is to cost 600 francs and to last more than a hundred years. No payment is required until the engine has been tried and given satisfaction; until it is fixed, and raises the water from the well to the roof of the house, which will thus be secured against the destructive ravages of fire.—The proprietor likewise offers, at a progressive advance, machines which will raise double, triple, and decuple quantities of water, to double, triple, and decuple heights, (i. e. to 120, 180 or 600 feet,) and thus in infinite progression. They at first concealed their names, and this mysterious conduct excited suspicion; they have since, however, made themselves known, and proved to be Messrs. Crissons, brothers, both of them pupils in the Polytechnic school, and one of them a commandant of artillery, whose talents are said in the Parisian circles, to inspire the greatest confidence.—They keep their discovery a secret, and will not divulge it until they have raised subscriptions for twenty thousand inches of water according to their mode of calculation.

### Missionary.

#### MISSIONARY STATIONS.

[CONTINUED.]

**CHINSURAH.** A Dutch settlement, 22 miles north of Calcutta.

*London Missionary Society.*—1813.

J. D. Pearson, John Harle.

At this station there are upwards of 30 schools, established by the Rev. Mr. May, containing about 3000 children.

**CHITTAGONG.** A district in the eastern border of Bengal, about 230 miles east of Calcutta.

*Baptist Missionary Society.*—1812.

Peacock.

**ST. CRISTOPHER'S.** An island in the West-Indies.

*United Brethren.*—1774.

J. G. Procop, J. Johansen.

About 2000 negroes under their care.

*Wesleyan Missions.*—1774.

William Gillgrass, Joseph Chapman, and John Hirst.

Members, 30 whites, and 2179 blacks.

**CHUNAR.** A town near Benares, about 500 miles n. w. of Calcutta.

*Church Missionary Society.*—1815.

Wm. Greenwood, Wm. Bowley.

**COTYM.** In India, on the Malabar coast, about 18 miles from Allepie.

*Church Missionary Society.*—1817.

Benjamin Bailey, Joseph Fenn.

**CUTTACK.** The capital of Orissa, about 220 miles s. w. of Calcutta.

*Baptist Missionary Society.*—1818.

Stephen Sutton.

**CUTWA.** A town in Bengal, on the western bank of the Hoogly, in the district of Burdwan, about 75 miles n. of Calcutta.

*Baptist Missionary Society.*—1804.

Wm. Carey, jun. and — Hart.

Fourteen natives, some of whom preach, and others read and distribute the Scriptures, are employed here. Many thousands have become, in some measure, acquainted with the Scriptures.

#### DANISH WEST-INDIES.

*United Brethren.*—1732.

*Missionaries.*—Gloekner, Hohe, Hoyer, Huenerbein, Jessen, Jung, Lehmann, Maehr, Peterson, Sparmeyer, Shaeffer, Schaerf, Sievers and Wied.

In these islands, the Brethren have seven stations. In *St. Thomas*, New Hernhutt and Nisky. In *St. Croix*, Friedensberg, Friedenthal, and Friedensfield. In *St. Jan*, Bethany and Emmaus.

More than 12,000 negroes are under the Brethren's care.

**DELHI.** A city of India, 976 miles n. w. of Calcutta.

*Baptist Missionary Society.*

Mr. Kerr.

**DACCA.** About 100 miles E. of Jessore, once the capital of Bengal.

*Baptist Missionary Society.*—1817.

Rama-prusad, a Native.

**DEMARARA.** A colony in South America.

*London Missionary Society.*—1808.

*Missionaries.*—John Smith, John Davis, Richard Elliott.

*Wesleyan Missions.*

*Missionaries.*—George Bellamy, Mathew M. Thackray,

Members.—Whites, 10; Blacks, 1160.

**DIGAH.** In Hindostan, 300 miles n. w. of Calcutta.

*Baptist Missionary Society.*—1809.

William Moore, Joshua Rowe, Ram-prisada.

**DINAGEPORE.** A city in Bengal, 240 miles n. of Calcutta.

*Baptist Missionary Society.*—1814.

Ignatius Fernandez.

**St. DOMINGO.** An island in W. Indies.

*Wesleyan Missions.*—1817.

At Port-Au-Prince—John Brown, James Catts, and W. W. Harvey.

**DOMINICA.** An isl. in the W. Indies.

*Wesleyan Missions.*—1788.

David Jones.

**St. EUSTATHIUS.** Isl. in W. Indies.

*Wesleyan Missions.*

Patrick French.



*Weekly Summary.*

On the 9th June last, the diocess of Delaware formed a Missionary society, auxiliary to the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

The Episcopal missionary society of young men, in Charleston, S. C. made their 4th annual report, on the 21st Feb. last.

A Theological society has been formed within the General Theological seminary of the Protestant Episcopal church in the U. S.

At Meriden, Ct. on Wednesday the 4th June, 1823, the Rev. L. B. Hull, and the Rev. J. M. Garfield, were admitted to the holy order of priests, by the Rt. Rev. T. C. Brownell, Bishop of Connecticut.

At Baltimore, on the same day, H. H. Pfeiffer, and G. B. Schaeffer, deacons, were admitted to the holy order of priests, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kemp.

At Worthington, O. on the fifth of June, Mr. J. M. Jones was admitted to the holy order of deacons, by the Rt. Rev. P. Chase, Bishop of Ohio.

At Chillicothe, on the 18th June, the Rev. P. Chase, jr. was admitted to the holy order of priests, by Rt. Rev. P. Chase.

At Philadelphia, on the same day, Mr. H. M. Mason was admitted to the holy order of deacons, by Rt. Rev. W. White, Bishop of Pennsylvania.

At Richmond, Va. on the 15th June, S. Nash, and S. B. Freeman were admitted to the holy order of deacons, and the Rev. M. Prestman to the holy order of priests, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore.

At Cincinnati, on the 29th June, Mr. J. A. Fox, of Miss. was admitted to the holy order of deacons, by the Rt. Rev. P. Chase, Bishop of Ohio.

At Wilksbarrie, Pa. on the 14th June, St. Stephen's church was consecrated to the worship of Almighty God, by Rt. Rev. W. White, Bishop of Pa. and on the ensuing Sunday morning, the Rev. S. Sitgreaves, rector of said church, was ordained by the Bishop to the holy order of the priesthood.

**MASONICK.**

Extract from an Address delivered to Augusta Chapter, Geo. by William Schley, Esq. E. G. H. P.

Masonry is a temple reared by the Almighty hand, the three supporting pillars of which are wisdom, strength, and beauty. Let me then, my companions, earnestly entreat you so to conduct yourselves through life, that your actions may proclaim its wisdom; that your charity may establish its strength; and

your holy lives exhibit its beauty. For be assured that unless your conduct is in unison with the principles of your profession, you only become objects for the finger of scorn to point at. But if you discharge all the duties incumbent on you as masons, you will be ornaments to the society in which you live; you will be a blessing to your fellow men, and enjoy a peace of conscience which the world can neither give nor take away. The crooked paths of this troublesome life will be made straight, and darkness light, before you; so that when the loud trump shall sound, and the herald shall proclaim your deliverance from Babylonish captivity, you may pass up to the new Jerusalem, deliver the signet of truth to the Royal Captain of your salvation, pass the white veil of the sanctuary, and gain admission to the presence of the Great High Priest of Heaven and Earth.

**Useful.**

Farmers are advised to *water-rot* their Flax, it being the easiest, cheapest, and most profitable way of preparing it for dressing, either for market or home use. By water rotting the flax, the farmer will gain, in saving of labour, yield of flax, and price of the same, *twenty-five per cent.* The best time for water-rotting flax is during the hot weather of summer. Put the flax in small bundles—steep it in still water about 48 or 60 hours. The farmer must judge of its being sufficiently rotted by watching it while in the water. As soon as the lint, or coat separates from the stalk, it is then time to remove and spread it out to dry, which will require three or four days; it depending, however, on the weather. A week's attention to it in this manner is sufficient to have it ready for cleaning. Experiments have been fully made as to the strength and durability of cloth made from water-rotted flax, and likewise that from field or dew-rotted, and the advantage in favour of the former, is about *fifty per cent.* Water-rotted flax can be bleached immediately after dressing, so as to become white and soft as fine silk; while with dew-rotted flax nothing can be done.

The following is the manner of bleaching flax, and it is in the power of every farmer to try the experiment:—Boil it in ash lye of about half the strength necessary to make common soap, for two or three hours; rinse it well in vinegar and water, or any other weak acid preparation, and lay it either in the sun or under cover, where there is a free circulation of air. I feel confident that if our farmers will try the foregoing experiments they will be encouraged to cultivate this highly useful and hitherto too much neglected plant.

*A Friend to Flax.*



## Poetick Department.

From the London Quarterly Review.

## THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

Around Bethesda's healing wave,  
Waiting to hear the rustling wing  
Which spoke the Angel nigh who gave  
Its virtue to that holy spring,  
With patience and with hope endued,  
Were seen the gathered multitude.

Among them there was one, whose eye  
Had often seen the waters stirred;  
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,  
The bitter sigh of hope deferred,  
Beholding while he suffered on,  
The healing virtue given—and gone!

No power had he; no friendly aid  
To him its timely succour brought;  
But while his coming he delayed,  
Another won the boon he sought;  
Until the SAVIOUR's love was shown,  
Which healed him by a word alone!

Had they who watch'd and waited there  
Been conscious who was passing by,  
With what unceasing anxious care  
Would they have sought his pitying eye;  
And craved with fervency of soul,  
His power divine to make them whole!

But habit and tradition swayed  
Their minds to trust to sense alone;  
They only hoped the Angel's aid;  
While in their presence stood, unknown,  
A greater, mightier far than he,  
With power from every pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power!  
No Angel, by his glad descent,  
Dispenses that diviner power  
With which its healing waters went.  
But He, whose word surpassed its wave  
Is all omnipotent to save.

And what that fountain once was found,  
Religion's outward forms remain—  
With living virtue only crowned,  
While their freshness they retain;  
Only replete with power to cure,  
When, spirit-stirred, their source is pure!

Yet are there who this truth confess,  
Who know how little forms avail;  
But whose protracted helplessness  
Confirms the impotent's sad tale;  
Who, day by day, and year by year,  
As emblems of his lot appear.

They hear the sounds of life and love,  
Which tell the visitant is nigh;  
They see the troubled waters move,  
Whose touch alone might health supply;  
But, weak of faith, infirm of will,  
Are powerless, helpless, hopeless still!

SAVIOUR! thy love is still the same  
As when the healing word was spoke;  
Still in thine all-redeeming NAME  
Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke;  
O! be that power, that love displayed,  
Help those—whom THOU alone canst aid!

## STANZAS—BY MONTGOMERY.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near,

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach,  
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watch-word at the gates of death,  
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry "behold he prays!"

In prayer on earth, the saints are one,  
In word, in deed, in mind,  
When with the Father and the Son,  
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;  
The Holy Spirit pleads;  
And Jesus on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.

O thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way;  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,  
Lord, TEACH US HOW TO PRAY!

## LOVE'S LEGER.

BY S. WOODWORTH.

I own myself your debtor, love,  
For 'tis to you my bliss I owe,  
Then say if I'd not better, love,  
Repay the balance kiss I owe?  
In justice you'll receipt it, love,  
And prove that you are true to me,  
If I should then repeat it, love,  
There'll be a balance due to me.

That little urchin Cupid, love,  
The only clerk we keep, you know,  
Is either blind or stupid, love,  
And apt to fall asleep, you know.  
'Tis best, then, thus to jog him, love,  
And make him earn his pay, you know,  
For should we chide or flog him, love,  
The boy might run away, you know.

The rogue possesses talents, love,  
His pinions furnish quills, you know,  
And when he strikes a balance, love,  
He must inspect our bills, you know.  
Then let us ne'er dispute, my love,  
While Time enjoyment rifles so,  
But take a kiss to boot, my love,  
I cannot stand on trifles so.

Short reckonings make long friends, my love,  
Accounts should ne'er be running so,  
Then let us make amends, my love,  
For 'tis unpleasant dunning so.  
Through life's allotted term, my love,  
If thus we don't forget we owe,  
When death dissolves the firm, my love,  
We'll pay the only debt we owe.

## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE LATE PIERCY SHELLEY.

The fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean;  
The winds of heaven mix forever  
With a secret sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things, by a law divine,  
In one another's being mingle,  
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No leaf or flower could be forgiven,  
That disdained to kiss its brother.  
And the sun-light clasps the earth,  
And the moon-beams kiss the sea;  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me?

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